SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF HIS RELATIONS TO THE LATE EMPEROR.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

London, October 17. Sir Morell Mackenzie's book is discussed, even by some English papers, as if it were an original attack by him on his German colleagues. How short our memories are! The truth is that from the time Sir Morell was first called in to consult on the late Emperor's case, he became the object of attack, not the author of it. The German doctors were all ready to operate when he stepped between them and their victim. Professor Von Bergmann's own account gives the best possible picture of their eagerness for the knife. Prince Bismarck himself was astonished at their courage, if courage it is to be called. They never forgave Sir Morell his beneficent interposition. They assailed him in pri-Their friends in the press assailed him. Politics presently became mixed up with medical questions, and a powerful party in Germany, which saw its plans thwarted by this English doctor, assailed him. There was no limit to their anger or to the expression of it. For a long time Sir Morell submitted in silence. His sition was in every respect a difficult one. His German enemies made no allowances for his difficulties, and such friends as he had in the German press did not know and could not state the whole case. Upon the Emperor's death the Germans, with full access to private records, published their story; a story so libellous upon Sir Morell that no English publisher ventured to print it in England. English publishers were fairly warned that they must take the consequences if they did. Was he to sit down under bese calumnies?

He was, I apprehend, bound to defend himself in some way. Whether he chose the best may be a question. One austere critic condemns him because he made money out of his defence. No doubt this editorial Rhadamanthus gives away the paper in which he lays down the law to his I do not myself quite see why Sir Morell Mackenzie should have refused the payment offered him for his pamphlet. If I were an editorial Rhadamanthus, perhaps I should see better. But is it really more wicked to accept what is offered you for a book than to accept what you can get from the public for condemning the book and its author?

Sir Morell Mackenzie's case is complicated by the hostility of a part of the Euglish physicians. He has never been entirely popular with the medical profession in England. I believe they accuse him, like our editorial Rhadamanthus, of making too much money. He was so immeasurably superior to all his rivals that the very doctors who disliked him were compelled to send their patients to him for treatment. They looked about for a competitor who might be set up against him. After many years they found one He was a pupil of the man they sought to supplant, but what mattered that? The chance came when Mr. Gladstone lost his voice. The new man was called in to restore it. He did not restore it, but he did, I believe, all that skill could be expected to do. On the strength of this "succes d'estime" he has since been widely recommended, and, I presume, deserves the recommendation he gets. But there is still only one Sir Morell Mackenzie, and there is no sign that his reputation in England is likely to be diminished by the outeries of the Germans, who were turned away from the bedside of the dying Emperor to make room for the hated Englishman.

Hated he was at one moment, more flercely than was known to the world. When in Berlin last March I went out to Charlottenburg to see Sir Morell Mackenzie. A German friend asked if I would take a message to him. Yes; what is it?"

" Tell him on no account to show himself in Berlin." " Rut why?"

" He will be mobbed, perhaps killed, if he does." Upon my replying that I could not deliver a warning so serious as that unless I could give some authority, my friend said: "You shall have all the authority you want to-morrow morning." And he returned next morning to ask me to say to Sir Morell Mackenzie that the President of Police in Berlin wished him to understand he could not be answerable for his saf aty if he were seen in the streets unprotected. I told Sir Morell. He laughed. "You need not suppose," he said, that yours is the first message of that sort I have received. If I have had one, I have had twenty." He was as cool as possible about it; not a visible sign of alarm or concern. Not long after, as we all know, he did go into Berlin. His patient went, and the doctor went with his patient, driving in a separate carriage. There may have been a change in the feeling of the Berlin mob in the interval. Perhaps the English doctor's quiet courage and his devotion to his patient changed their feeling. Whatever the reason, he was not

mobbed; he was cheered.

His position at the time at Charlottenburg seemed to me strangely interesting; even pathetic. No doubt it was the most brilliant a physician could hold. All Europe was watching him. His patient was an Emperor. Yet it was by no wish of Sir Morell Mackenzie's that he was there, or remained there. He had asked more than once to be relieved, but neither the Emperor nor Empress was willing be should go. They believed in him, and in him only. It is easier to understand their feeling after reading the recently published letter of the Empress, and those two lin fac-simile of the Emperor's handwriting, referring to the April crisis " when Bergmann ill-treated me. Both Emperor and Empress believed that had Bergmann and Gerhardt had their way, the Crown Prince would have died under their knives, a year before. "If," said Sir Morell to me, "you care to judge what chance the Emperor would have had of surviving the terrible operation they proposed, you have only to look at the result of the very trivial operation of tracheotomy which actu-ally was performed. That was last November. This is March, and he has never rallied." His view was shared by the Emperor and Empress, and the preservation of the Emperor's life during more than a year-a year which brought him to the throne-may be taken as the measure of their gratitude.

But, except the Emperor and Empress and a few, hardly more than one or two, of those about them, Sir Morell Mackenzie had not a friend in Charlottenburg. The Court was against him; Ministers were against him; public opinion was against him. He was surrounded, even within the walls of Charlottenburg Palace, by enemies and spies. Nothing was more frequent than savage outbursts against him in the press, not of Berlin only, but all over the German Empire. The English press gave him but lukewarm support; perhaps it was wisest that they should not too openly champion their countryman's cause, for national feeling ran high then, and runs higher now. But other influences than those of prudence or patriotism were at work. Sir Morell had become involved in a quarrel with the Berlin correspondent of "The Times," so that in addition to what he had to face from the German press, a fire in the rear from London had also to be endured. I wish to express no opinion on that controversy, except that it was an unlucky one for both parties to it, and might, I think, have been composed by judicious friends. Undoubtedly it added to Sir Morell's embarrassments; already quite numerous enough. Mr. Lowe had, as I said at the time, so much influence in Berlin that when it became known that he, the repre-sentative of the leading English journal, sided with the German press against the English doctor, the effect, the injury to Sir Morell, were considerable. He bore it all unflinchingly, and it Is due to him to say that though he talked to me freely on most subjects, he said nothing about his dispute with Mr. Lowe. Whether or not he knew that Mr. Lowe and I were friends, I cannot say; but he knew we were colleagues.

The loneliness in which he lived was the first thing that struck me. When I asked for Sir Morell Mackenzie I was shown by a servant to be questers, and the quarter of the Pales where is due to him to say that though he talked to me

his rooms were must have been at one time the ervants' quarter. We crossed the courtyard from the central pavilion to the right, entered the right wing, passed through long, whitewashed, carpetless corridors, up wooden stairs, equally carpetless, and by another bare passage to the door of the apartment. To reach the sitting-room you passed through the bedroom. Both were of fairly good size and comfortable enough, but it all seemed so shabby that I said to Sir Morell how ill he was lodged. . He answered that he had himself chosen the apartment because it opened directly into the Emperor's. "There is not," he added, "a moment of the day or night when I may not be wanted." He told me afterward that never a half-hour passed without his seeing his patient. He had not taken a walk in the park or across the courtyard. He was a prisoner, not with a sentinel at his door, but with a dying Emperor in the next room. He saw people who came out from Berlin on business; hardly anybody else. I think I was the first, or almost the first, visitor whom he had known in London. If he had any diversion or amusement, it was in reading, and piles of books lay about on the tables and the floor. But he seemed to have little thought of books, or anything else but the Emperor and his malady. I was allowed to send you at the time so much of what he said on that subject as I thought proper. And since an attempt is now made to represent Sir Morell as obstinately disbelieving in the existence of cancer to the last, I may refer you to the dispatch cabled the same day-March 14-printed probably on the 16th. I have not looked at it since, but I will venture to say that the existence of cancer was plainly signified. I had not a doubt of it after my talk.

Strangely unlike the real Mackenzie, as I then saw him, is the caricature of him drawn by his enemies. What they make him out you know. The man with whom I talked was like a soldier on a forlorn hope, perhaps still more like one of those singular beings of the middle ages, whose ideal of devotion to duty was monastic. The stern plainness of the rooms, the lean, ascetic face and figure, the fire in the gray eyes. the simplicity and sincerity of his manner and talk, all lent themselves to this notion. That, at any rate, was the impression he made on me at the time; of a man entirely absorbed in one task, which he accepted at a heavy sacrifice, and was performing to the end amid difficulty and danger, and with the certainty before him of what his enemies would call a disaster. He knew the Emperor could not live; knew he would die in his hands; knew he himself would be held by his enemies responsible for the failure to save a life which no human power could save. The Germans themselves, I believe, will some day see that this is a truer account of the matter than that which their disappointed doctors have chosen to give, and will render to Sir Morell Mackenzie some of the honor which is fairly his due. G. W. S.

TOO MUCH.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Night. The fleecy clouds scurried over the darkened landscape, revealing at intervals the misty form
of a new moon. The regal red man of the trackless
forest, possessed of all the agility and daring that nature and J. Fenimore Cooper have bestowed upon him
in lavish abandon, could not have bung his powderhorn on its silvery crescent to save his valuable life.
It was perpendicular. Consequently the water was
running out. It was a wet moon.

Or it was a dry moon. It would not hold water.
The irreconcilable difference of opinion existing on
this subject among the greatest minds in this century
compels the historian to confine himself with rigid exactness to the simple facts pertaining to the attitude
of the moon and an impartial statement of the two
theories of interpretation dependent thereupon. The
earnestly—to take his choice between the two, regardless of expense, race, color or previous condition of
turplinde.

In the gilded salen of a Prairle-ave, mansion, in all

turpfinde.

In the gilded salon of a Prairie-ave, mansion, in all the radiant beauty of her twenty-seven years, sat, or rather half reclined, in a luxurious fauteuit a young woman who was listening with a caim but impenetrable smile to the impassioned pleading of a young

man.

"Chamomilla," he said, "if I have been two presuming—if I have taken you by surprise by this precipitate avowal—do not blame me. Let the urgency of my devotion, the restless impeturally of the passion with which you have inspired me, plead in my behalf. Chamomilla Johones!" exclaimed the excited youth in a voice vibrating with uncontrollable entoils, "I am not responsible for the warmth and tropical luxuriance of my nature. I was raised in a warm climate."

maie."

"Mr. Leezer," replied the young lady. "I will not pretend to be indifferent to your avowal. Among all of the two or three dozen offers I have received this year," she went on, modestly, "none have moved me more sensibly. None have appealed more deeply to

year," she went on, modestiy, "hone have have here have more essensibly. None have appealed more deeply to my feelings."

"You fill me with hap—"

"And yet, Mr. Leezer—pardon me if I interrupt you—ritke all the others you fail to apprehend the true nature of woman. You have no conception of what makes her highest happiness. You think all see wants is to be loved. You do not know—"

"Chamomilla, I only know that I—"

"Mr. Leezer, has it never occurred to you that, a woman's highest joy is her capacity for self-sacrifice? You dxpress your unselfish jove, your willingness to go to the ends of the earth for me, but in return you ask nothing of me but my consent to be your wife. Why do you not demand some sacrifice of me? O. Jasper?" she said, in a voice that thrilled through the young man's whole frame, "if I should accept your love do you think there is any privation, any self-abnegation that I would not undergo for you?"

"Nobic girl?" burst from the enraptured young man's lips, as he selzed her hand, "do you think I would put you to such a test, my darling? Why, the only sacrifice I should ever think of asking at your hands would be that you part with that ugly, snapping, sore-eyed poodle in your jap."

Chamomilla Johones sprang to her feet. With flashing eyes and dilated nostrils she sternly motioned the young man away.

"Part with my beautiful Pitapat!" she panted.

man away, beautiful Pitapat!" she panted.
"Part with my beautiful Pitapat!" she panted.
"Jasper Leezer, you cannot be in earnest!"
"I am," responded Jasper, firmly; "I don't like dogs."
"Then, sir," said she, freezingly, "our paths must separate. I have the honor, Mr. Leezer, to wish you good-night and good-bye!"

"She's right," muttered Jasper, as he walked slowly homeward. "Get out, you brute!" he exclaimed, vindictively, as he kicked a sad-eyed and dejected dog that seemed to be trying to cuitivate his acquaintance. "She's right. I am afraid I don't exactly understand women."

MR. TIFFANY ON INTERIOR DECORATION.

MR. TIFFANY ON INTERIOR DECORATION.

From The Washington Post.

J. B. Tiffany, the New-York decorator, is at the Riggs House. He has come over to supervise the finishing touches on the interior work of the new Mexican Legation residence, of which he has charge. Mr. Tiffany is a well-built, bandsome man of most engaging address. He carries out his ideas of the appropriateness of things in his personal deportment and dress. He was asked what was the present tendency of interior decoration.

"It is in the direction of quieter, more subdued effects. The aim is, for instance, to make a given piece of work more of a study—something that does not reveal itself at once and that does not offend by its pronouncedness. Of course, we make strong effects where strong effects are desired, as in the case of Oriental decoration, but the tendency is in the other direction."

direction."

"Have you introduced any novelties into the decoration of the Mexican Legation residence!"

"Yes, we have; but you would have to go up there and see them to understand them fully. I am safe in saying that the ball-room will be the most beautiful in the city. It is done in the Louis VI. style."

Mr. Tiffany has just finished the residence of Vice-Presidential candidate Levi P. Morton at Rhinebeck.

A DIGNIFIED VISITOR.

From The Boston Courier. From The Boston Courier.

Among the many visitors who were in Boston during "Merchants' Week? was a gentleman from Northern New-Hampshire, who came with his wife and child and stayed at one of the large hotels. The small boy had never before seen an elevator, and was greatly impressed with this contrivance for getting to the top of the building. After they had been in town a day or two they were invited by a Boston merchant to his home. The small boy seemed pleased with the novelty of the change, until he was invited by a child of the house to go upstairs to the nursery. Then he drew back, remarking with dignity:

"I am willing to walk downstairs, but I am used to having an alleviator to go up with."

And no amount of persuasion could induce him to consider that house a proper place in which to stay since it had no "alleviator."

BURGESS'S BOATS IN AUSTRALIA. From The Boston Advertiser.

From The Boston Advertiser.

Waiter Reeks, the Australian yacht designer, who is now in Boston looking at the models of the best American boats, and who has a commission to build a yacht to challenge for the America's cup in 1890, says that it is only of late years that the sport of yachting in Australia has made any very great strides, either in number of yachts or excellence of design, nor are there any large boats on the yacht club list even now. . . . The Fremier of Queensland, Sir Thomas Mellwraith, about a year ago procured from Mr. Burgess a design of a thirty-foot boat for his own use. This boat has been built in Sydney and was launched about a mouth ago. She will doubless soon be trying conclusions with boats of similar rating designed and built in the colonies.

Morell Mackenzie I was shown by a servant to his quarters; and the quarter of the Palace where thought anything about that."

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE CHECKERED CAREER OF A SOUTHERN BRIGADIER.

CLEVELAND'S TEMPER AFFECTED BY THE PO-LITICAL SITUATION-COL. "DICK" WINTER-SMITH'S SNAKE STORY - THOSE IM-

PORTED GROOMS. Washington, Oct. 27.-The official Department life of Washington often accentuates with unusual keenness the strange vicissitudes of fortune. Under the administration of the late Public Printer, S. P. Rounds, all the watchmen at the Government Printing Office were ex-Union soldiers, but under the Democratic Adinistration of Mr. Benedict, all of these have been removed, to make room, in many instances, for ex-Confederate soldiers. Conspicuous among these is a gigantic Southerner, General Gleason, who stands over six feet and three inches in his stockings. Gleason was one of the irreconcilable, fire-eating, "no-surren-der" type, of which the late Governor Toombs, of Georgia, was a shining example, and at the close of the war fled into Mexico, where he soldlered with Juarex against Maximiliam. After the death of the fill-starred Emperor, Gleason, still a soldier of fortune, went over to Egypt and fought with General Stone and other ex-Confederates under the red flag and white crescent. The downfall of Ismail and accession of of the Southern soldiers, and Gleason, among others, returned to his native land, only, it appears, to achieve the humble distinction of preserving the Government Printing Office from the insidious flames. Still, I am told, in moments of bibulous confidence this grizzled fire-eater recounts with becoming earnestness and iter-ation the glories of "Southern blood and Southern

Benedict, by the way, appears, like the French Bourbons, to have learned nothing and to have for goften nothing since the recent investigation of his office. It appears that quite recently he discharged a worthy and capable employe, who was also an ex-soldier and comrade of the G. A. R., for wearing a Harrison and Morton badge, alleging "drunkennesss" as the cause, to a committee of the-G. A. R. who valted upon him in behalf of the unfortunate man. Unhappily for the Public Printer, irrefragable evidence by responsible citizens was produced showing that the ex-employe was not only a member of temperance organizations, but a strict adherent of their tenets. The nonplussed reformer stammered out that he would

The many unfavorable rumors which I understand publican gains in different parts of the country, together with corresponding reports which tell of Democrat dissensions and defections, are seriously affecting the President's temper. At no time of a very amiable and engaging disposition, the President is nowadays said worse than ever, and to be constantly putting himself under obligations to the few personal friends "He is worse than a bear with a sore head," said a recent visitor to the White House, after an interview with Mr. Cleveland, in the course of which the political situation had been briefly discussed. "Yes," said another, "and the worst is, everybody catches it, from the doorkeepers down to Colonel Lamont. I don't see how the latter stands it."

A few days ago a certain United States Senator took some young ladles up to the White House and introduced them to the President. Their youth, their beauty-quite aside from the fact that they were ladies -should have insured them a polite, if not cordial reception. But Mr. Cleveland seems to think differently. In the course of the short conversation which ensued after the formal introduction had been made, the young ladies happened to point out to the President that they must be distantly related to him, and they proceeded briefly and pleasantly to state their reasons Imagine the pleasure and attention with the average gentleman would have received that state-ment coming from such lips. Mr. Cleveland's brow only contracted; he tapped the table impatiently with his fat fore-finger, and gave other signs of unm able annoyance and impatience. The young ladies blushed-they didn't know but what they had commit ted some dreadful indiscretion-and the Senator looked mortified. It must have been a very embarrassing situation for him and his young friends. It was ren tered doubly so by the President breaking out suddenly, in his gruffest manner:

"Oh, I don't care about such things at all."

That ended the interview, as may well be imagined. Notwithstanding these constant fits of temper and testiness to which the President is now yielding, he is gaining enormously in weight. Whether this is the result of a pie diet, or merely the effect of taking no outdoor exercise whatever, I leave to others to ascer-I note in passing, however, that carpenters have been busy this week strengthening the joists of the second floor of the White House. This may be a curious coincidence only, but it certainly is a fact,

other, the city of Washington appears to have been strangely neglected, although it has probably a larger miscellaneous body of voters from every State and Ter-ritory of the United States within its limits than is to be found elsewhere. A Democratic convert to Republi-canism would hardly be looked for under the tron rule of that bisterest of all Democratic Bureau Officers "The Physical Wreck"-and yet such a one it is my pleasure to record. J. A. Marceron, a young Demo-States Pension Bureau, has been converted from his family traditions of Democracy and openly proclaims days' leave of absence, with an advance of pay for that period, beginning from the 27th instant; all of which was readily granted him by General Black with the idea that he was, of course, going home to cast his vote for "Cleveland and Reform." Commissioner Black will, however, receive the convert's resignation shortly and enjoy the novel sensation of being commanner in which this new Republican-who requests Physical Wreck\* would appear to convey the impression that their mutual relations were, to put it mildly, just the least bit strained, as he states that "the Ananias of Scripture couldn't hold a candle to Black's while, as regards Representative Frank Lawler, of Chargo, his observations, although couched in polite language, are equally forcible. This incident is oteworthy as emphasizing the fact that although this Reform Administration places absolute embargo upon the going home of Republicans to vote, not only leave of absence but also advance of salary is given to Democratic employes for that purpose.

good-natured disgust to some of the "snake stories" which the youngsters were trying to crowd down his after yarn was unwound by the enterprising narrators, the Colonel seemed to get restless until he finally broke

"That's all right, boys; but the trouble with your stories is that they are not—"
"Well, suppose you tell us one that is absolutely true," suggested one of the company.
"I will," said the Colonel, promptly.

And then "Dick" told how he found himself travelling one hot summer at room along a cartroad cut through what seemed miles of chapparal, somewhere in Texas, I believe. Suddenly his pony stopped and he was nearly thrown forward over the animal's head. "I got off." Colonel Wintersmith went on to say, "and looked about to see what the trouble was, and soon found about a rod ahead a huge rattle snake askep across the roadway, his head down the slope on one side, and his tall in the gutter on the other. I tried to make the pony jump the snake, but he wouldn't buildge. There wasn't a stone a stick big enough to handle in sight, and I had no fire-arms. I was in a pickle, but I couldn't go back, and didn't like to stay where I was. However, while considering the situation, I saw away ahead on the to bind hay upon a rick. Hitching my pony to the brush, I stepped back so as to get a good start, took sapling, grabbed it with both hands, ran, swinging it over my head, back to his slumbering snakeship, and whacked him right across the head, breaking it at

else besides. His company looked disappointed.
"Is that all?" some one asked. The Colonel cast a look of withering contempt upon

then continued:
"Yes, breaking it at once—and, hang me, gentlemen, you may believe me or not-if I didn't discover that my sapling was the snake's mate, and—" "Oh, Colonel, come now; that's a little too

the youth, adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles, and,

came in chorus.

"And that," went on the Colonel, not in the least disturbed, "and that the same blow had killed it also."

After that nothing remained for the company to

when Allen was in the first flush of his fame as a man, he was sent up into the Vth District, where there was great dissatisfaction with the Cleve-land Administration and with Congressman Cabell. Tobacco raising and distilling are the main industries In that section of the State. It had been one of the Internal Revenue laws would be wiped out. The lost to the Democrats. Allen was picked out as the tary Bayard is another who has acquired his ministration. He had not got far along when o gaunt mountaineer leaning over the railing inter-

"That's all right, stranger," he said, "but I reckon taint the kind o' talk we keer to hear up hyar. You kin talk it somewhere else. What we want to know up hyar is who's goin' to pay Jim Campbell for his still that Grover Cleveland's revenue hounds broke up last week. That's our politics, aint it, boys?"

There was a chorus of approving yells. The funny Congressman, however, though himself equal to the situation and drawled out:

"Weil, boys, I reckon you'd better send the bill for that still to Grover Cleveland. He'll pay it."
"No, you don't," roared the mountaineer, "George Campbell told us there wouldn't be any more stills broke up when we got a Democrat for President. going to send Jim Campbell's bill to George Cabell and him, we'll take the pay out of him at the elec-

Sure enough, Jim Campbell's still became the issue in the campaign and Campbell was beaten. Allen doesn't want to make speeches in Virginia this year for fear they'll take him at his word and send a dupli cate bill to Grover Cleveland.

This reminds me of a story I heard about an internal revenue collector in North Carolina, who had been appointed shortly after the present Administration came into power, at the request of Senator Ransom. The latter was boasting in a company of friends how every one of the men he had recommended for office was able, competent, honest and a pattern of politeness, like himself; and how by recommending only such men for office, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the President.

"What Ransom says about the politeness of his men te true " chimed in a North Carolina man. testify to that myself. One of our internal revenue dilectors discovered the other day a former chum of his working an illicit still. Now, instead of promptly arresting him, he took the offender discreetly aside and whispered into his car:

last week, Cleveland told me to say to you that this is all right, but as a favor to him he would like you to move this still just a leetle further back in the nountains where the smoke cannot be so readily seen from the road, you know. You understand ! Don't

"Well, wasn't that fellow polite and considerate Of course, he was. All of Ransom's appointees are."

" Dick" Townshend and " Bill" Springer are still can rying Illinois for Cleveland and electing a Democratic successor to Senator Cullom. As each one of these prairie chickens would like to be Senator it will be erstood why in private letters they dwell on this

"It reminds me," said a grizzled Illinois politician, of the way Dick and Bill and the rest of the Demceratic side-lights carried the Legislature, in their ninds, some years ago when a Senatorship was at stake. The chairman of their State Committee that year was a back country statesman known as 'Organizer' Parsons. As his name indicates, he was strong on organization. A few days before election it got had made a brilliant strategic move which would insure them a majority in the Legislature. You must inderstand that in Illinois we have what is known as minority representation. Each district has three representatives and every elector has three votes. can divide them equally among three candidates, he can give two candidates one and one-half votes each, or he can 'plump' his three votes for one man. The system works pretty well, but it is better for the ninority than for the majority. The practice is for the majority party in a District to name two candidates and the minority one who is sure to be elected. But it sometimes happens that the majority party is not strongly intrenched and the minority will name two candidates, both of whom may slip in because the majority does not divide its vote equally between its two candidates. If you grasp this you are ready to understand how the Democrats had laid their plans, under the guiding hand of 'Organizer' Parsons, were running two candidates instead of one.

"To shorten my story, their scheme falled, and after election some curious fellow figured out the cause of its failure. He found that bold in conception as it was, it lacked one thing which might hav made its execution possible. The number of Democratic candidates for the Legislature in the whole State was not equal to half the membership. If every Democrat who ran had been elected the party would planned the strategy had forgotten to count his can didates. Naturally it tended to discredit 'Organizer' Parsons when this oversight in his calculations was made known. Now when you hear of Springer or Democrats this year you may be sure they have for-gotten something. The chances are they have for-gotten that the Republicaus of the State are in the habit of voting at the Presidential election."

of society leaders here, numbers among its patrons the President and all the members of his Cabinet, with the exception of the Attorney-General. Their names figure prominently on the circular which has been sent to me. I do not know that the President has sources I am informed that such is his intention. He will probably carry is into execution as soon as a ably a Percheron or a Clydesdale. It certainly will be an imported horse, in conformity with the notice contained in the circular of the "Academy," which informs its patrons that there are

"None but imported grooms in attendance." Figure to yourself Mr. Cleveland mounted on an imported Percheron and attended by an "imported groom." What a cheerful sight it must be!

A Western Congressman told a good story on him-self the other night which illustrates how strong the propensity for indulging in games of chance is in some men. "When I went to the Chicago Convention in 1884," he said, "I got in with some of you news-paper men and we managed to have several quiet fore the convention adjourned), instead of our usual game, we all went around to Mike McDonald's place and fought the tiger in the shape of faro. Although I had been moderately successful at poker, fortune seemed to entirely desert me on this occasion and A left the room a loser to the extent of \$85. My expenses in attendance upon the convention had been quite heavy, and I really couldn't afford to lose that much money; in fact, I had to borrow from a brother member before I got back home. However, I paid him and resolved I wouldn't fool with cards any more.

"Did you keep your resolution?"
"I did for about a year. After Congress adjourned in '55 I went out home, and in the summer I took a trip to the Pacific Coast. I had never been there before, and I had a royal good time. When I started to refurn I intended to come right to Washington, for there were some matters before the departments that I desired to look after. When I reached Chicago, for I came by the Northern route, I found I had three hours to wait. I had broken through my resolution by getting into a little game on the cars, and as a consequence I had only \$15 in my pocket. When I found that I had three hours on my hands, the first thought that came home was the \$85 I had left in Mike McDonald's place the year before, and a desire seized me to get it back. I figured that \$5 would pay for my sleeper, \$5 would pay for my subsistence, drink and then climbed the stairs to the fare bank. I bought \$5 worth of chips and sat down to play. There were only two others playing, and, of course, I bet very cautiously. I lost down to a dollar and a half and then cashed in and went out.
"I got another drink and then came to the con-

clusion that a dollar and a half was no good to keep and I went back to the game. I played again and won; and I kept on winning, and finally when the other two stopped and I was left alone with the dealer I cashed in \$73. I went down to the depot and found I had still two hours left before the train

" Did you go back and play again?"
"No, I didn't: But I was so much afraid that I After that nothing remained for the company to do except to break up.

Congressman Allen, the Mississippi humorist, finds campaigning on the canal boat in New-York less trying ful that it would get away from me. Mike McDonthan in the mountains of Virginia. Two years ago, aid's place don't owe me but \$8 now," he added in

nelusion, "and I'm med going to try to get that back."

"Do you know," said a gentleman who has had business with Congress for a great many years, and who has been acquainted with all who have sat in both branches for the last quarter of a century, solemn promises of the Bourbons that when a Demo-cratic National Administration came into power the There is Lord Sackville, for instance, though since his Los Angeles letter I think he should be called Lord failure to do anything had caused much grumbling, and
unless this could be overcome the district would be
Mr. Cleveland's Burchard in this campaign. Secreright kind of speaker to put the grumblers in good hess by inheritance. He has succeeded his father humor. One night at a little town on the mountain and his grandfather in political life. He never would side he had been telling some of his best yarns and have attained his present distinction upon his own was soaring off into a culogy of the Democratic Ad- merit. I remember some years ago that Bayard made a savage attack upon General Butler, in which he accused him of being the author of the greenback or flat money. Some one sent a newspaper clipping containing the attack to General Butler, and the man sat down and forwarded it to Mr. Bayard with an indorsement like this: 'Respectfully referr Thomas F. Hayard. I will compare my character and career, both public and private, with that of Mr. Bayard, his father or his grandfather, whenever and under whatever circumstances it shall please

> " Did Mr. Bayard reply to the challenge?" "No, he did not," was the reply. "I don't know what facts in regard to the Bayard family the General had in his possession, but I do know that as he finished his indorsement he said with a particularly

> vicious gleam in his eye: " 'There, by heaven, let him take up that challenge if he dares P "

HOW MEN FAIL IN NEW-YORK.

PREFERENCES AND ANTI-PREFERENCES. INEFFECTUAL LAWS, AND HOW THEY OUGHT TO

BE CHANGED. The eminent writer on economics, Edward Atkinson, has said that "nine out of ten men who engage in

husiness fall." If this is so, the question naturally presents itelf: How do they do it? This question is of equal interest to creditors and falling debtors.

After the Bankruptey law was repealed, failing debtors could, under the law of this State, make

preferences in general assignments to the full extent of their assets. As a consequence, there were very few assignments made which did not comain preferences that covered all the debtor's property; general creditors, as a rule, received ne dividends whatever. These preferences were largely given to relatives and friends for alleged borrowed money, and the merchandise creditor would invariably be told by the debtor that the "confidentials" had to be taken care of. After a while the merchants began to attack such assignments, and many were set aside for fraud in the disposition of property immediately prior to the assignment, or on the ground that all or some of the preferences were bogus. Then there occurred a change in the manner of failing; and debtors resorted to confessions of judgment, which were invariably given for alleged borrowed money advanced by wives, brothers, fathers and even sometimes by mothers-in-Under confessions of judgment, the sheriff would

take possession of the stock of goods; and the only ready remedy for the merchandise creditors to pursue was replevin. But herein the creditors often showed as much dishonesy as the debtors, by claiming, under their writs of replevin, goods never sold by and which they had no moral right to take. These replevin proceedings often depleted the stock in the sheriff's hands to such an extent that very little was left to apply on the confessions of judgment, and again the debtor and his "confidentials" were foiled. But the system of giving preferences worked so much harm to the honest creditor class, that last year the Legislature passed a law allowing preferences in general assignments only to the extent of one-third of the actual assets; and since then it has been a serious question whether confessions of judgment or any other mode of preference beyond the statutory limit can be valid. For this reason the failures that have taken place since the enactment of the antipreference law have been characterized by the grossest fraud, and the rule is that when a failure is publicly announced the stock of goods has disappeared and to-day it is a common occurrence for debtors to owe upward of \$50,000 for merchandise bought within four months of the time of failure, and yet to not have on hand \$2,000 of merchandise. clothing dealer failed on Broadway a fortnight ago, owing \$40,000 to different merchants; and not a single dollar's worth of goods was found on hand. This fraud was so palpable that the debtor fied to Canada to avoid criminal warrants for his arrest. A recent canvass among the wholesale woollen mer-

chants in the dry-goods district disclosed the aston ishing fact that they have not averaged a dividend of 15 cents on the dollar out of their bad debts for the last ten years; and they all complain that the laws and present decisions of the courts of this State favored the falling debtor, and that radical changes A lawyer who for the last ten years has made a

specialty of commercial failures, when questioned as to what changes out to be made in the law in order that the creditor class should not suffer, suggested that the insolvency laws now existing in the New-England States, which effectually prevent preferences and fraudulent disposition of assets, should be adopted here; that the books of the debtor should at once, upon the failure, be deposited with an officer appointed by the court, and if the books did not honestly account for all the assets, the debtor should be deemed guilty of fraud, and imprisonment the same as for a misdemeanor should follow; that all modes of preference, either by confession, bill of sale, mort-gage or assignment, should be abolished, and a creditor be at liberty, without first procuring a judgment, bring an action to set aside and examine into all of bring an action to set aside and examine into all of the debtor's transfers made within one year of the failure; and, generally, that our criminal laws should be amended so that commercial fraud of all kinds could be dealt with as severely as crimes against the person and the public welfare. He said that imprisonment in Sing Sing of one fraudulent debtor would de more to check dishonest failures than all the civil remedies now on the statute books. To lliustrate the facility with which frauds of this class are committed, a single instance will suffice. A creditor, finding his debtor backward in his payments, called upon him, and was promised a settlement on the following day. He called the next day, and found that during the night the debtor's place of business had been destroyed by fire. Leing assured by the debtor that there was sufficient insurance to pay all debts, the creditor, who was a director in several insurance companies, brought about an immediate settlement of the loss, and, upon learning that the fire insurance companies had paid the debtor, called upon him once more and congratulated him upon being able to reopen his business. Incidentally the creditor asked for payment of his claim, and was stunned by the debtor telling him that he could not pay, and that "the money from that insurance belonged to his wife by her first husband." The enraged creditor then called the debtor all the bad names he could command; and the debtor, apparently unconcerned, replied that he hoped that aire the business had been run in his wife's name for a few years he could make a settlement for 25 cents on the dollar, and that the creditor might then hear from him. the debtor's transfers made within one year of the A PICTURESQUE OYSTER ROAST.

From The Newport News.

From The Newport News.

Miss Gertrude Gilbert gave a unique entertainment the other night at her residence on Bellevue-ave. About fifty guests were present, and, like all Miss Gilbert's parties, which she usually gives late every autumn, there was a snap and originality which has made all thoroughly enjoy themselves. At 11 o'clock the guests were ushered into the servants' hall, which was most artistically decorated. Pumpkins made into "Jack O'Lanterns' hung from the ceiling, and bunches of red berries, together with branches of evergreens, cars of corn, wheat, red peppers, apples and diher autumnal products, covered the walls and gave a warm and rural appearance. The guests then seated themselves at tables, at each of which were a tin plate on which was a coarse napkin, a bottle of beer and a large mug, and underneath the table a wooden pall, in which the oyster shells were thrown. For those who did not care for oysters salads and pates were served. The scene was a novel one, the evening dresses of the ladies making a charming contrast to the perfect simplicity of the entertainment. After enjoying the "roast," the guests proceeded to the drawing room, and several new dances were participated in. were participated in.

one of the doctor's good stories was that of a quaint old townsman who once said to a well-known divine: "Parson, the Bible says that the Lord made the world in six days; do you believe it?"

"Yes." SOME THINGS LEFT UNFINISHED

"Yes."
"Now do you think that he finished the whole thing up in that time?"
"Yes."
"Well, all I can say is that he could have put in one more day to mighty good advantage right here in this town!"

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL DISGUISE, From The Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What is an edition de luxe?" asked a customer in a Pittsburg book store.

"It is simply an edition de looks," was the con-

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE. COMMENT ON THE UNVEILING OF THE

POET'S STATUE IN PARIS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Paris, October 12.

The statue of Shakespeare, presented by Mr.

Knighton to the city of Paris, will be unveiled on Sunday. It will stand on the open place where the Avenue de Messine, running down from the lovely Menceaux Park, abuts on the Boulevard Haussmann. The "Gazette de France," with that narrowness which distinguishes all mixtures in this country of Roman Catholicism and political conservatism, protests against this "tribute to the foreigner." "France," it says, "does too much for this Englishman, who did such an ill service to Joan of Arc, whose memory is kept alive only by that wretched equestrian statue (worthy of being done in zinc) of the Place of Pyramids.

'Le Paris," an Opportunist journal, replying to the organ of the throne and altar, admits that Shakespeare certainly was an Englishman. "But where," it proudly asks, "did Shakespeare's writings receive their greatest consecration? Why, in Paris, whose mark the works of genius of other great cities must receive before they can be regarded as circulating medium. Because the French capital did far more than London to secure celebrity to Shakespeare Mr. Knighton presented his statue to the Municipal Council, which is setting it up in a quarter affected by English and Americans who come to live here."

The other day Justin McCarthy, sr., said to me in reference to the theatrical criticisms here on "The Taming of the Shrew," as played by the Daly Company: " What a scaled book the works of Shakespeare are to the French, and, on the other hand, how completely out of touch all English writers and play-goers are with Rucine, Corneille, and even with Moliere." This is true. I cannot help thinking that most of the lesser writers about Shakespeare have not so much got into his brain as into the brains

of a few great authors who wrote about him, and especially into Voltaire's, who did justice to the predictous originality, scope and power of Shakespeare's genius, but was constantly irritated by what, in his eyes, were sins against gentlemanly taste, and by such (in his mind) vulgar trivialities of expression as the "not a mouse stirring" in "Hamlet." The translations of Shakespeare made for the French stage in the eighteenth century were rather adaptations in Alexandrine verse, very conventional, very stilted, quite correct -in short, fruit culled on the Shakespearian trees made into a sweet and toothsome jam, in which nature was lost sight of in the evidences given of the cook's skill. Guizob set up to translate Shakespeace, and so did Francois Victor Hugo-one of the reasons why his illustrious father, who was ignorant of English, raved about the "Divine William."

The Frenchman who best understood Shakes peare was old Dumas, who mastered English to read him and Scott, and was emancipated from the trammels of the old conventional rules of French literature by reading these two authors They both gave some of their sacred fire to old Alexander Dumas. At any rate, they encouraged him by the freedom of spirit evinced in what they wrote to be guided by his own inner light and go ahead.

Lord Lytton was asked, both as the English Ambassador and as a poet, to attend the unveiling of the Shakespeare statue. He declined on the score of the rigid observance of Sunday which is expected of him by a certain class of his countrymen and countrywomen. The custom of the British Embassy is that the Ambassador goes to church and nowhere else on the first day of the week. He is always absent from Sunday reviews and from races for the Grand Prix de Paris. This custom used to apply to the Queen's sons when they were young. But in 1867 both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh went to Longchamps and Chantilly to see the Grand Prix and Derby run for. They were hidden away behind muslin curtains at the back of the Imperial stand.

I knew Geffeken when he was a representative here of the Hanseatic towns. Bismarck does not seem disposed to admit the plea that he is out of his mind, which his wife and children urge. He was a very judicious person, and the lon dipping nose pointed to Semitic blood, though in some respects the physiognomy was German. He wrote a good deal for papers and reviews, but was a colorless writer, and there was not much body in his articles. In politics he was a doctrinaire, and rather pedantic. The first characteristic was common to him, the Crown Prince and the Prince Consort, who really was the man who sketched out the Imperial plan which Frits realized at Versailles.

HER KIND.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Speaking of women," said the Colonel, after a long pause, "I was travelling in Missouri once in my buggy when I met a tall, slab-sided girl of twenty in the road. I had taken a drink or two and felt jolly, and so I halfed her with:

"Howdy, Sal? Fine day?"

"Howdy, stranger?" she promptly replied.
"Say," I went on, "I'm looking for a wife."

"What sort?"

"About your kind."

"Want me!"

"I you'll have me.'

"Reckon I will. Let's drive back and see dad and mam."

"I was joking, you know, and so I told her that I

"Reckon I will. Let's drive back and see dad and mam."

"I was joking, you know, and so I told her that I was in a great hurry and would return. Three natives who came along just then stopped to find out what was the matter and they set in with the girl to take me back. The only way I could get out of it was to bolt for the woods, leaving the horse and buggy behind, and five years later the girl was still driving them. That little joke of mine cost me just \$350, to say nothing of bethg run through a patch of woods five miles wide."

A SPARROW IN A SPIDER'S WEB. From The Evening Sun.

From The Evening Sun.

Among the leaves of one of the trees on the Broads, way side of the City Hall, a great fluttering and chirping was heard yesterday afternoon. The cause of all this commotion was a sparrow that was enmested in the web of a big black spider.

The web was woven in the fork of a limb. It had partly phinoned the bird's wings, and the spider poked his head out of his little tunnel and watched the struggles of his prey. Just as the sparrow was about to break away from the toils the spider darted out and stung her in the neck. The sparrow made a desperate effort and fell to the ground.

A newsboy made a dash to capture her, but was thwarted by a policeman, who removed the web from her wings and tried to make her fly. But she could only flutter to the ground. Her neck quickly swelled and when the reporter left the scene she appeared to be dying.

READING GENERAL WASHBURN'S MIND. From The Minneapolis Tribune.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

Speaking of the psychological influence of one mind over another, so puzzling and unexplainable to the most coldly sheptical on the subject, the power, whatever it is, is not confined to seedy "professors" who give exhibitions in museums. A great many people have it in a high degree who make no display of their gifts in that direction and who wouldn't for the world make a show of themselves. One would hardly expect to find a railroad president in the catalogue, but it is a fact that William Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific, has an extraordinary knowledge of what is going on in other people's minds. During the recent trip over the "Soo" road Mr. Van Horne formed one of the party. Fred Underwood, of the "Soo" road, brought up the subject of mind reading and gave an account of the Canadian president's exploits.

"That's all nonsense," said General Washburn.

"It's one of your stories, Underwood."

"Well let's make a test," said Underwood.

It was agreed, and Mr. Van Horne, sitting at one end of the car, asked General Washburn, at the other end, to think of something, or write something, and he would tell him what he had written. General Washburn drew a map of the site of the proposed new union depot, which Mr. Van Horne immediately reproduced, without changing his seat or a word having been said.

"But you have left Washington-ave, out of your map," said General Washburn.

"Yes, and you have left it out of vours, too," said another of the party, looking over General Washburn.

The two diagrams were as nearly identical adhasty drawing could make them.

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